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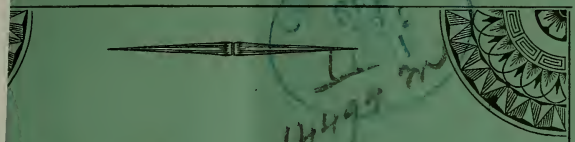

WINE-NO-NO.

AN ORIGINAL

LEGEND OF THE DAKOTAS.

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and Modern Languages at An Arbor.

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PREFACE.

To present the Indian Legend of WINE-NO-NO in a popular form, is the aim of the writer in placing before the reader, this novel version of an old story oft told in prose and verse. Previous versions have failed to become popular, being more of interest to scholars and antiquarians, containing long descriptive narrative of the scenes, domestic customs, religious rites, festivals, and of the mythology (if it can be called one) of the noble red men. The well known difficulty to philologists is getting at the root and derivatives of their quite unknown and strange tongue; almost defying translation,—the Indian legend as a feature of American literature has been confined to a small portion of readers. Omitting the dry historical data, and a great deal of the antiquarian linguistic attire, we have written the heroic legend of WINE-NO-NO in stately Hexameters, a difficult thing to do in English prosody, substituting in place of the classic dead languages the strongly expressive (but in elegant) common parlance of to-day. The action of the poem we hasten to its climax and relieve the tragedy, by blending the serio-comic element making a kind of melodrama that will be found amusing and perhaps instructive, if read attentively and the moral perceived. Simplicity of diction being adhered to, a reference to dictionaries, knowledge of the dead languages, or of Indian authorities is unnecessary on the part of the reader, who will find that "where ignorance is bliss,—'tis folly to be wise," and a saving of time and space in having this true version of WINE-NO-NO.

WINE--NO--NO !

Two hundred cold winters or more at least have been chased by the summers,
Since here on the tree covered shore of the swift, dark Mississippi,
Where his darkling floods roar, o'er the falls in the swift rolling rapids,
In the great fabled hub of the West, sat the Red men's town of Good Lager.
Far traveling away from its nest, to the north, and the south,
The gray eagle flew o'er the vast emerald prairies,
Alternate with forests and lakes, above the blue vast of the ether.
And here where the great river breaks into spray with a Ha! Ha!
Were gathered the buffalo skins of the bloody red tribe of Dakotas;
For here in the camp mid the trees flew the red-rag of Ishantee,
Upraised on the stem of his pipe, the feathery wing of an eagle.
And here to be feasted and danced, from lake, forest and prairie,
Oft gathered the braves and the maidens, to honor the king of the waters,
Uncle-Bil-li—who dwelt in the cave, dead drunk with too many Ha! Ha's!
Where high and dry, o'er the eddies and logs were hung his gin and tobacco.
And here to this Chief and his wife,—Aunty-tea-we, came the girls and sports of the Nation:
Chief, warriors, maidens, and wives, bringing holy red sprigs of the cedar,
And here, too, was the masher of hearts,—fierce Take-you-i-can, the avenger,
He stood among bottles and kegs—the boss of the Gins and the Lagers;
Ever watching with keen seeing eyes, the drink of the wives and the warriors,
As an eagle afar in the sky. sees a fish as it drinks in the water.
Oft spread on a board was the tongue, and the ham sandwich,
And those who preferred could have Sweitzer kase, or Limburger,—
'Till the Sun spirit rose in the East, in the red, rosy cool of the morning,
To drink the fire-water all night, while the feast lasted often till morning,
To sail o'er the land with their eyes, was a difficult feat for Dakotas;
They often fetched up at their homes in the condition of Tammany voters.
Where the dark winged tornadoes arise, rushing loud from the mouth of their taverns,
They raised such a hul-la-ba-loo, they awoke the strong chief of the Locusts;
Walk-them-in, the huge giant who kept a retreat that was cooler,
And here with a shudder they heard from his bench over head,
"Thirty dollars apiece for the spree, or thirty days more in the cooler."

WINE-NO-NO.

Two hundred bleak winters or more have fled from the race with the summers,
Since here by the to-bac-co-man's store, in the smoke of the fragrant Ha-van-nas,
In the tepee of Rum-gin-whisky was born, like a rose to the prairie, Wine-no.no.
And here she lived like a queen—a romping girl all braves were after,
When she danced on the emerald green, and bathed in the spray of the rapids—
And whiter than pearls were the ivories that were in her mouth,
And blacker than coal the hair that hung from her head;
Long, glossy and dark, like a robe in the night, was its beauty.
And gay as a wood-pecker, she perched and chirped on a tree,
Like the wings of the eagle were her feet, and sure as the feet of Dead Beat,
And like an antelope o'er hills, and prairies she gaily would bound,
Lightly laughing or singing like fairies, she and her friend always moved,—
Looking over her shoulder she ran, and laughed at the sport:
At the love-lorn, badly mashed man, that vainly her foot-steps would follow,
The belle of the ranche was she, and the pride of the aged Rum-gin-whisky,
Like a sunbeam she lighted his tea, and gladdened the heart of her papa,

In the golden hued Was-you-pe-wee, the moon where the wild lice are caught,
When the leaves on the butter-nut tree are as yellow as breasts of canary,
And white oaks that border the sea, are aflame with the fire of the sun,
From the waving fields of bad rice, from the meadows of Psin-ta-ka-tin-pan,
Where the geese and the mallets rejoice, and grow fat on the game of croquet,
Came the hunters to saddle the goose, and the flesh of the bear and the bison,
And the women in birchen canoes well laden with gifts from the fellows.
With the tall dusky hunters, behold came a marvelous man or What-is-it,
White faced, old, wrinkled and bald, and he walked with a stick in his hand:
And white as the fast ceasing snow, was the false hair that lay on his shoulders.
Like lime covered moss hung his beard, flowing down to his girth from his face,
And gaunt was his aspect and weird, and often he mumbled and jumbled
In an antique, mysterious tongue as he bent o'er his book of devotion,
Or lifted his queer eyes and sung in a low voice. "do-you-see-'em?"
Or Hebrew, or Latin, or Greek—all the same were his words to the braves,
All the same to the strong and the weak, wide wandering hazel-nut children.
Father Me no Mene Reynard, long lost to his Jesuit cousins,
Sent forth by a papal decree, to search the great land of the heathen,
In his slowness abandoned to die in the swamps by his wicked companions.
He sat on the bank high and dry, when he emerged from the depths of the forest,
For deliverers there came to him, men in the dress of the tawny Dakotahs,
And from this strange place led him then out of the slough of the desert.
Half starved, as he'd lived upon grass; as they followed the deer they found him,
In the midst lay his bottle and glass, and a pouch of the best old Virginia.
Uncle-Tom-my! Ho! muttered the braves, for they deemed him full as a tick—
That dwells in metropolitan cafes all day and sleeps by the river at night,
With a dollar or two in his purse to treat in the cafe the unweary;
His tongue they could not understand, but his hands told them his story;
He was badly ship wrecked upon land, and glad to see his preservers.
His famished and woe begone face, and his voice touched the heart of his hearers,
They fed him on fish with a grace— and led him away to Good Lager.

There little by little, he learned the gab of the tawny Dakotas,
And the heart of the good father burned to lead them away from their idols,

Their giants and great thunder-birds, their worship of drink and the devil.
"What-can't he do?" they exclaimed at his words as he read the old Latin,
And his eyes looked eager around on the braves of Good Lager.
And his nostrils they scented the cooked dog in the hot boiling kettle,
The reds laughed when his fingers were burnt in clasping a piece of a joint;
The Black-Gown--they called the poor priest, from the hue of his robe and girdle,
And never a game or marriage feast, but he must grace with his face;
Of his Latin book the hunters would speak, the first they ever had seen;
They knew not he had a Hebrew and Greek one, they listened as though 'twas fun.
In the teepees and lodges he oft sat, watching the braves at their barter;
His pale face compassion begat in the heart of the dusky Wine-no-no,
Oft she came to his teepee and spoke, and gave him the tongue of the bison,
Sweet meats from the nuts of the hazel and hickory, and flesh of mallard and deer;
And oft when he came to her pa's, she handed him whisky and beer.
She listened like one in a trance when he spoke of the gay bearded Frenchmen,
From the choice vineyard valleys of France to the wild Bock Lager transplanted,
Oft trailing the deserts of snow through the denseness of Lake Huron forests,
Or steering the fearless canoe through the waves of the fresh water sea.
"Yea, stronger and richer are they," said the Abbe Reynard to Wine-no-no,
"Than the great chief Wasn't-he-cute,--but their words are as fickle as maidens'
Their eyes are the eyes of the dove, but their hearts are the hearts of the eagle;
And the terrible Miza-Wakan,* ever walks by their side where they roam,
Like a Thunder-bird blazing in wrath, when they pull on the trigger with aim
It takes from their enemies breath like the flash of the Wa-kan-dee.†

The autumn was gone, and the snow and the cruel blizzards came in;
From his teepee of ice came the foe--came the fierce breathing wind of the North,
That jarred in the groves, on the prairies, on the ice covered lakes and the rivers;
The bear cuddled down in his bin, the deer ran away to the forest;
The wolf and the gray prairie hen made their beds in the depths of the snow-drifts;
The buffalo and the bison huddled, stood or lay in the hollow or slopes,
Or rooted in the snow for their food, or chased the wild antelopes,
And the wild winds that howled from the North, from the lake at Wayzata,
Chased the robin and swallow to the land of Apache and Comanche;
The gray wolf, red fox and the beaver hid low in the deep of the forest;
The thermometer sank down and down 'till sixty degrees below zero,
And poor Abbe Reynard walked slower, 'till soon he was down with a fever.
All in vain was the skill of the Medicine Man, with his box, his dance and his kettle;
In slumber he fell and ne'er woke, the last of the good Abbe from France.
And in the land of Dakotas was buried,--one mourner sat long by his mound,--
The daughter of Rum-gin-whisky,‡ Wi-no-no,‖ crying all day here was found;.
She mourned for the pale face, her friend, and his bones were to her as kindred
Then summer followed springtime, and winter followed summer, the years sprinkled frost on her papa,
And four dreary winters she dreamed of the fearless, good looking Frenchman;

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*Miza-Wakan, Indian name for fire arms. Mysterious metal. †Lightning.
‡A purveyor of fire water, ‖The child of a purveyor of fire water.

In her sweet dreams their oars sounded swift in their locks, in time to their stroke,
And the eyes of the French strangers she gazed on with joy in her slumber,
She lacked not brave beaux, the light of the lover oft entered her teepee,
And her couch was adorned with the bright gifts of the tawny brave suitors.
The son of I-was-cute, the shrewd banker, a fearless and bold usurer
Long had sighed for the hand of the beautiful heir of Rum-gin-whisky;
He was the cashier of the National Bank, and of course thought very rich,—
Three times night and day at her bed, came he with touch of the lover,
And thrice had she covered her head, and rejected the wealthy Tam-soa-ka.†

'Twas Summer, the merry robin and lark trilled and warbled in woodland and meadow,
And abroad on the prairies ran buffalo herds and bisons eating the lilies,—
And sweet was the flavor of to-bac-co smoke, wide wafted from hill side and teepee;
And low was the song of the brooks, and loud was the sound of the Ha! Ha!
'Asleep by the nurses and cooks lay the broods of papooses.
'Twas the moon of Wa-sun-pa.‡ the band lay under the trees of Good Lager,
And abroad o'er the beautiful land walked the spirits of Tre-at and Be-Merry,—
Twin sisters, with beautiful hands scattering the stores of Rum-gin-whisky.
Aunty-wee, the wife of Uncle-bil-li, looked out of her nest,
And saw a score of dard maidens splash in joy the spray of the waters,
Half clad in their dark flowing hair, and limbed like the Venus de Medici;
They bathed in the waters, dived, played and swam like the beavers,—
Loudly laughing like loons when they are full on the silvery lake,
While the songs of sweet whip-poor-wills made melody for their dance on the bank.
But hark! on the river, what's that? strange voices uproarious commingled
On the river's bosom swept along by the oar, comes DuLuth and his French companions;
To the stroke of their oars gaily singing, and this the refrain that they chanted:

Nons avons du pain
Des batons de chocolate,
Et des gateanx,
Une tourte aux fruite,
Et des sardins'
Bravo! ausons un vrai gala
Bravo, voice la place un vrai gala!

Like the chaste, dappled fawns in the glade, alarmed by the voice of the Frenchmen,
Discovered uncovered, afraid, the nude nymphs came out of the waters,
And scampered off to the shade of the trees, and peered from the veil of the birches.

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†By some translated the Buck-Deer, but probably it means Bock Beer, either however, are near enough for a literal translation.

‡The season of their annual Schutzerfest and Largerbund where they celebrate the turn of Wa-sun-pa. This personage is supposed to be identical with Gam-bri-nus.

A bold and sport loving fellow was Frenchy Du Luth, undannted in all kinds of danger,
And straight to Good Lager he ran, and boldly saluted the warriors,—
Now gathering like a cloud on the strand, and gazing amazed at the strangers.
And straightway he offered his gold for safe keeping, to I-was-cute in his bank.
To the Lodge of the stranger was led Du Luth and his amorous companions;
Robes of buffalo and bison were spread, and the Peace Meerschaum smoke began.

There was dancing and eating all night, and delight at the presents they gave;
All the maidens were dressed a la Paris, with flowing red robes and ribbons,
With beads and ear rings of gold, and the fair colored hair of the giver.
And glad were they all to behold the dances of La Jardin La Mabille.
And welcomed to the town of Good Lager, was Du Luth and his frisky companions;
But there was one held aloof from the guests, 'twas the queenly and pretty Wine-no-no.
Steadily ignoring the rest, her eyes feasted long on the white chief, Du Luth,
Whom the gallant French chief beholding, retired; he went forward to her
And spread on her shoulders a cloak of red velvet that cost him
Many gold pieces at the Bazaar Bon Marche, in la belle city, Paris, in France.
The rose flower bloomed in her cheeks, and her eyes said thanks to the giver,
And forth from her teepee she brought him the black robe of Abbe Reynard,—
His beads, his stick, and his wonderful books, the Hebrew, Latin and Greek,
And related the fate of the long lost Black Gown, and pointed them out his mound.
She had waited for his brothers to come from the East, from the land of the silk and grape,
To smoke the great pipes with the braves, in the beautiful land of Good Lager.
"For the Black Gown spake much of the truth, and of the gay land of his youth;
It was once in a dream I beheld them, now before me in life are the Frenchman."
But more spake her blushes,—Wine-no-no's eyes were full of language unspoken
As she turned with a bow to Du Luth, smiled and waltzed with her gifts to her teepee.
Far away from his la belle France, his chateau in the city of Lyons,
A proud youth full of blood and romance, with a heart that was fond of the girls
To the great new world a wanderer by chance, Du Luth sought the Dakota forests.
But afar in the vale of the Rhone, that winding and beautiful river,
Where the vine covered sheds of Saone, the true love of Du Luth patient lingered,
Mid the grape vines and mulberry blossoms, and green fields of clover and corn,
As they tippled and drank in the breeze the bumble bees nectar absorbed.
For where the imperious Rhone jumps down from the Alps of the Swiss,
And meeting the soft flowing Saone, embraces, kisses and flows
Down the valley of grapes, mulberry trees, and the figs and the olives,
To the island of sapphire blue seas of the puny Italian and Greek.
Aye, there dwelt in a castle or two, with hair like the beard of the corn,
Du Luth's blue eyed and Venus shaped Flore, where she bid him adieu at her door:
Her hair in wavy golden locks fell to her knees, whenever she wanted to show it,
Or, detachable, it come from her head, and lay safe hid under her pillow.

WINE-NO-NO.

Far away o'er the stormy Atlantic her Du Luth a long time had been gone,
And with wonder and wooers quite frantic, she looked like a maiden forlorn;
Wherever he wandered alone, in the wild of the Michigan forests,—
Or cruising the rivers unknown, to the land of the Hurons and Dakotas,
His heart was still true to his Flore, who lived on the banks of the Rhone.
"Till the carmine Harvest moon he remained in the vale of the great Mississippi.
The respect of the young braves he had won, and the heart of the dark eyed
Wine-no-no.
He joined in their jokes and their drinks,—the chase with the hunters he followed,
And swift were his pedals in race, when the braves did pedestrianate,
At the game of the Pot-chips he played, and won from the best of the players.
An orioide watch and chain, and a Connecticut nickle plate pitcher.
A picnic to Lake Minnetonka he made, to celebrate the feast of the Jo-ka—
With the flash of his Son-of-a-gun, he outshot the bows of Dakota's.
They called it the Maza Wa-kan,* his trusty old Smith and Wesson.
"'Tis a papoose" they said of the long Maza Wa-kan—the Winchester,
"When he slaps his swift wings and shoots at the Unk-ke-te-hee of old Creed
Moor;

The great banker, shrewd I-was-cute, appointed a day for the races;
From the blue stake that stood by his tea-store, on the side of Minne-ha-ha,
To a stake at the Lake of Galloons,—three miles and return was the distance.
On the crest where sails Bill-King's balloons, was the soft seat of the judges.
They gathered from near and from far, for the races, balloon and the feasting;
Thousands were there from Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, that week in the land
of Dakotas.
Alleghany, too, furnished a share of the legions that came to the races.
And a beautiful melange, a la Blakely, was prepared by the hand of the squaws,
And gaily the multitudes fared at Nicollet West's in the town of Good Lager.

The chief of a political clan had charge of this feast to Ulysses,
The mystic Thau-ma-tur-gus, the king of the fair and the races.
And he charged to get through the wicket, a dollar a head for a ticket,
And his trusty card takers stood watch, that none of the braves beat the wicket,
And death to the brave or the squaw, playing any such game of the wicked,
Whose coin was not felt in the hand of I-was-cute, the financial man of the Co.

On an arm of an oak hung the prizes to go to the winners,
Blankets, gold watches, and chains, and of cash there were many,
Which King Thau-ma-tur-gus bestows every year at the fete of U-lie-sirs—
With the oil, the corn-rye and bock their sinewy limbs are made supple,
A score of swift runners are there, from all parts of the Nation,
And now for the race they prepare, among them fleet footed Tam-soa-ka.
And long is the course and severe for the swiftest and strongest of runners.
Hark! the shouts and the beating of drums, 'mid the babel of tongues and confusion!

*Maza-Wakan, Fire arms.

From his teepee the white chieftian comes, and Du Luth brings a prize for the winner.
A razor he brought from the Seine, horn handled and mounted in brass.
The runners are ranged on the plain, and the Chief waves his hat for a signal.
And away like she wolves, see, they fly—like as though they were tracking the deer.
O'er the track, round and round long they vie, and strain their long legs to the utmost,
While high on good seats hung a cloud of warriors, maidens and others,
To behold the great fair, the races and all of the annual circus.
Now swift from the home post they return o'er the stubble and heather,
Like grey hounds they speed straight and turn, the leader of all is Tam-soa-ka;
At his heels flies Ke-o-kuk, the pride of the tribe of Iowas,
A warrior with eagle winged feet, but his forte is the arrow and bow.
Tam-soa-ka first reaches the post, and his is the razor, money and the rest,
By the mighty howl of the host his running considered the best.

Then proud was the tall warrior's face, haughty his look and demeanor;
He boasted aloud of this race, and scoffed at the rest of the runners;
"Come, where is the man that will dare match his feet with Tam-soa-ka!"
Then forth from the side of a booth stepped Du Luth, and he looked on the boaster.

Now afar o'er the prairies of the Northwest walked the Sun at the end of his journey
And forth came the brave and Du Luth, at the tap of the drum for the trial,
Like a forest of poplars the hordes were gathered to witness the contest;
And there in the thick of the crowd stood the dark eyed, dusky Wine-no-no,
As loud as a menagerie roared the crowd of the tribe of Dakotas,
And most of them contend and bet on the swift footed Tam-soa-ka.
A few on the pale face of the East, the pride of the man of La France,
And the betting runs high; beads. whisky, tobacco and skins
Are put up, and the book sellers make money in pools.
A wife of shrewd I-was-cute, the mother of Tam-soa-ka,
Brought her handsomest robe from her tee, and vaunting loud did proclaim:
She would stake her last dress on her son, who she knew to be as fast as the devil,
And the shrewd tawny banker looked on, and approved the views of the mother,
Then fleet as a rabbit to her lodge. with a grace ran dark eyed Wine-no-no.
She brought and staked on the race by the side of the robe of the boaster
The velvety mantle so costly, that Du Luth on her shoulders had laid,
When he gave her his mark of approval the night she stayed away from the rest of the French.
Tam-soa-ka's was swift, but the tongue of his rich mother was swifter;
She said, "I'll win!" and her face was aflame with hot rum and hot gin,
And loud was the shout of the crowd,—but dark the face of Tam-soa-ka.
They undress for the race and prepare,—Du Luth in knee breeches and leggings,
And the red curly locks of his hair downward droop on his brawny, square shoulders,
And his face wore a smile debonair, as he buckled his belt tight around him.
But stripped to the skin, save an apron tied around by his hips,

WINE-NO-NO.

Haughty stands the bare limbed Tam-soa-ka, aware that the maidens admire him,
For his breast and arms are all bare, and his legs are the legs of a panther.
The drum beats, the chief waves the rag, and away o'er the course speed the runners,
And away leads the brave like a stag, like a bycicle follows the Frenchman;
And away haste the crowd, once more to the hill tops for a view of the runners.
Side by side they contend 'till the end, once tripped fouly by wily Tam-soa-ka,
At last to the finish comes in two lengths ahead, the red hair of Du Luth.
Then glad as a bed bug in June was heard the husky voice of Wine-no-no;
And crest fallen Tam-soa-ka turned away, and lonely he walked by the river,—
He swore as he went, and the flame of revenge in his heart was kindled;
But he strove to dissemble his rage, and whistled alone for gin ha! has!
All the night long in Good Lager they sang, and danced up at Uncle-bil-li's,
While the loud braying Chan-che-ra-gang played the pipe, the horn and the rattle.
'Till Aunty-tee-wee rose in the east, from her couch like a blushing Ba-na-na,
And thus at last ended the dance, and the last song they sang in chorus:

What-do-yyu-think-o'clock-it-is?
Do-you-know-what-time-it-is?
My-watch-stopped,-mine-got-broke,
Mine's-at-old-Jakey's,-tied-up-in-hoc,
Don't-care-a-dram-what-time-it-is,
I-will-take-a-can-of-whisky-fizz,
Then-I-will-go.-and-tend-to-biz,
I-am-one-of-the-Dakotas——whizz!

'Twas sunrise, the spirits of mist caused by the smoke of Ha-van-nas,
Disappeared, each brave had his sweet maiden kissed, and gone to his teepee,
'Twas the morn of departure, Du Luth stood alone by the roar of the Ha! Ha!
Tall and true, in his strength of warm youth, stood the bright haired Frenchman.
A rustle of leaves on the grass, broke his dreams as he mused by the waters,
Turning, he looked on the face of Wine-no-no, the red rose of the prairie,
Admiring he gazed, she charmed like his own loving Flore,
With the golden locks who dwelt in the vale of the beautiful Rhone,
Said Wine-no-no, "lists the chief to the wail of the Ha! Ha!
As it wails for a babe, and its father unfaithful,
Then he lists to a voice in his heart that is heard by the ear of its mother.
And to-day will the white chief depart,—he returns to the land of the sun rise.
Let Wine-no-no away with the chief, she will make the fire in his teepee,
For long is the day of her grief if she stay in Rum-gin-whisky's teepee."
"Think you the white chief to blame?" said Du Luth to the blushing Wine-no-no.
"The white chief is blameless," she said, "but the heart of Wine-no-no will follow
Wherever thy travels may lead, oh blue eyed chief of the white faces!
For my mamma sleeps long in the mound, and my step-mother rules in the teepee,
And father once strong and renowned, drinks too much of gin and bad whisky.
No longer contented with beer, brandy and rum now must he have.
And often when mad, picks up anything handy and throws at his once loved Wine-no-no;
And soon will both leave me behind, without brother, sister or kindred,
The deer scents the wolf in the wind, and he follows the path of Wine-no-no;
Five times have gifts for a bride been laid at the feet of Wine-no-no,—

If she'd take for life by her side the haughty, conceited Tam-soa-ka,
But the heart of Wine-no-no said no, five times to the drunken rich brave.
But the step mother whom he has paid, makes it hot for the lot of Wine-no-no,
And the he wolf follows his prey, bound to have the heart of Wine-no-no."

"I pity Wine-no-no," he said, "but my path is the path of the stranger,
And long is the trail of the maid I love in the far off French-land;
And few are the men of my band, and those of Tam-soa-ka are many,
But soon I return to this land, and a crowd of young soldiers will follow,
When the blizzards and Ice King return and white-wash again the great prairies.
The band of the White Chief will play, and he'll sing in the Lodge at the Meeting of Waters;
And when from the East comes againthe Chief of the Sons of the morning:
Night Templars, they used to be called, they'll rescue the rose of the prairie,
And quickly clean out the gang of that wolfish galoot, Tamsoaka.
Many moons will the soldiers remain in the land of the tawny Dakotas,
Each soldier will take him a squaw, and train to the gun the papooses;
And Du Luth, he will open a bank, and a store bigger than Wasn't-I-cute's.
And a Buffington cottage--an Eastlake, own Min-ne-ap-o-lis,
And his yacht. the Dar-ling-ton, will scud the waves of Minnetonka,
And of music with the beautiful dance, with joy his heart will be swelling;
And a dancing school, a la mode France, will set up for the braves at Ft. Snelling,
Not long in the Atlantic will we rest, as we sail in the bark of the French,
Nor stay long after touching at Brest, nor forget to come back to the West;
Soon we start, and I-was-cute, the banker's fast son, is our guide."

Wine-no-no turned pale, and her voice betrayed great inward emotion;
"Tam-soa-ka thy guide! I saw thy murder in his face at the races!
He wears a smile on his face, but his heart's the heart of a fiend's;
His tongue is as soft as a bird's, but beware of the stride of the panther,
For danger will walk by thy side, when guided by wily Tam-soa-ka.

To bid him adieu with much hul-la-ba-loo on the banks gathered the braves,
His gay sailors sat amid ships on their seats, and the oars in their hands were impatient;
Then spake the great Chief, old I-shan-tee. "a feast will await the return of the pale face.
In peace came the sun from the east, in peace goeth down in the west,
Thou gavest the red man of the West costly goods like a big bonanza,
So now the white chief he must take as the gift of the great red I-shan-tee,
The red pipe, and when lighted let him think of his friend in the West;
And when again the great pale face comes again to Good Lager,
Let htm bring lhe red chief a pipe of good claret and brandy.
And clothes that are worn as latest style of the Parisian dandy,
And at my Lodge fire we'll drink, and smoke the pipes of France and Dakota."
Swift as the wings of the dawn are the feet of the tricky Tam-soa-ka.
And he is not afraid of Du Luth's Maza Wakan; he is sly as the fox of the forest,
When he dances the dance of red war, all the fish shriek in the sea,

And his scent is so keen he could scent the bones of Ojibways and Modocs.
And away shot this duffers canoe, followed by those of the Frenchman;
Down the course of the great winding dark Mississippi;
And away like a circus balloon sailed the bark of the Frenchman--
Then joyfully sang the light hearted Frenchmen, in time to their paddles:

Home again! Home again! pull hard on the oar,
Merry is the sailor's life aboard a man-of-war,
He rides on the water with his paddle in his hand,
Aud his boat is his home, on the water and the land,

The clam is in his shell, and the water turtle too,
And all the Indian has is a birch bark canoe;
So haste away boatman, soon we'll reach the land of France,
And then with our sweet hearts we will merry merry dance.

Home again! Home again! a sailor I would be,
And sail again on man-of-war the great blue sea;
Home again! Home again! pull hard on the oar,
We have had a jolly time upon a foreign shore.

The brave jolly sailor is never afraid,
When he's in a foreign land to kiss a pretty maid;
Be she red, black or white, be she poor or rich,
If she's only pretty, he don't care which.

Home again! Home again! we sail from foreign shore,
Jolly is the sailor's life aboard a man-of-war;
So pull away, sailors, pull hard on the oar,
And soon we will anchor by our own home door.

In the marsh by the meadow, the bull frog his sonata is singing,
And the owl perched upon the tall sycamore in the dense forest
Keeps watch o'er the sleep of the red rose of the prairie,—
From the bank in the beautiful isle, the camp fires of the braves are seen;
And Wine-no-no dreams that afar; where the Cherokees dwell,
And the Comanche and Creek, away from the land of the Sioux Braves,
The bark of the noble Du Luth is foully led by the wily Tam-soa-ka into a whirl-pool,
And the song of the jolly French travelers hushed by the roar of the waters,—
Awaking, did it forbode evil, and the last she should see of Du Luth?
Blow, breezes, blow, sneeze warriors sneeze, softly and sing in the dark,
For never again shall you carry the voice of Du Luth to the sleeping Wine-no-no.

Now a slight blowing wind from the South shakes the leaves as they fall from the trees,
Down the dark winding river they sail to its mouth, away from the cold Minnesota.
To the land of the orange, and cotton, of rice, cane and tobacco,--
Leaving far behind the woodland and emerald fields of Dakota.
The turkey buzzards in clouds wing the air. alligators hide in their lair,
While the crews of Du Luth and Tam-soa-ka bend to their oars in a race.
In the stern of his boat sits Du Luth.--in the bow of his dug-out sails the brave.

WINE-NO-NO.

The whoop of the red men resound, while the panting Frenchmen rest on their
oars,
As they row in towards shore, and fix on a camp for the night;
And one is the camp of Du Luth, the other the scamp, Tam-soa-ka's,
The latter here plans and attempts to end the gay life of the Frenchman,
But wary and armed to the teeth is the resolute Frenchy, and ready;
Like the Face of an Irish dragoon when he's dry, looked the moon as it rose in the
sky,
And shone upon the face of Tam-soa-ka, the wealthy scape grace from Dakota.
Round a low smouldering fire, feigning sleep, lay the watchful, wily Tam-soa-ka,
But Du Luth slept, and snored like a porpoise, and dreamed of his love on the
Rhone,
As though there were none to molest, but ravenous mosquitos and red bugs of
the wood.

'Tis midnight, the hour when burglars delight, and duskiness comes o'er the
horizon,
And policemen grasp tightly their clubs, and the she bear watches her cubs.
And the dock prowlers their vigils keep up on the docks along by the river;
And hushed are the pines of the forest, and the virtuous and lame deeply slumber,
And the light of Den Spirits flare in defiance of the Excise they dare
Fill the glasses with fire water, for sports who treat the wild daughters of Eve,
O Moon! no wonder you oft hide your face in a veil, and mourn for the earth,
As you, like a next door neighbor, observe its fast wicked doings at night,
Of its crimes, miseries, lusts, and bacchanalian delights,—
But Earth's good, are asleep, and the boon of repose is granted the weary.
Hark! Du Luth awake and beware, there's a sound on the air.
Like the breath of a bride when she breathes, and soft as the humming of fleas—
Low crouching figures are creeping to-wards you, like the panther the glare of
their eyes,
As they peer for the white men asleep, who may never awake on the morrow,
Low, in each bloody hand is a knife, in the left hand the bow and the arrow,
Gay Frenchmen, awake for a strife, or you sleep in the woodland forever;
Aye, nearer and nearer they slide, like ghosts of mosquitos so soft,
Till right by the dreamers they stand, for the signal of crafty Tam-soa-ka;
Still the dreamers dream on, and not a breath stirs the leaves of the forest;
But Du Luth strangely awakes, he dreamt he was kissed by Wine-no-no.
Like a night mare it opened his eyes, and he saw the job put up on him there;
Arise, messieurs! at the word on his feet was every son of a Frenchman,—
And the sharp fatal crack came from the blaze of their guns,
And many dark forms bit the dust, and lay kicking the leaves in the grass.
From the tree tops the screech owls howled, and screamed long with delight,
As though in French they congratulated Du Luth in winning the fight.
Like coyotes pursued by the hunters, flees the remnant crew of Tam-soa-ka,
And one was he, and Du Luth cried to him. "you coward, run home to your
mother,"
As he picked up the brass mounted, horn handled razor that came from the Seine
And been won by Tam-soa-ka in the race at the fair of Thau-ma-tur-gas.
In the gray of the morn, e're the newsmen are out with the dailies,
The journey again was resumed without a darned single Dakota:
And on many a shallow they stranded, 'till at last at a village they landed,

Whose chief of the teepees was Akee-takes-tea-in-a-tin,
And here for a few days in his teepee, Du Luth and his Frenchmen tarried.

Of the fight in the wilderness, spake Du Luth to Akee-takes-tea-in-a-tin,
A jolly, good hearted man was this Chief, who was charmed with the manners of France;
And darker grew his skin when he heard of the treachery of the Dakotas.
"I-was-cute is a shrewd man, and his heart it is hard, but he's square;
But the head of a treacherous clan is his son, the cunning Tam-soa-ka,"
Said Akee-takes-tea-in-a-tin, and he promised Du Luth as a friend,
To carry the pipe and tale of Du Luth to the Chief of Police at Good Lager.
For thrice at Minnetonka had he smoked in the lodge of the Frenchman,
And thrice had he carried away the beautiful gifts that he gave him.—
When the good Chief could no longer detain as his guests the French sailors,
He guided their sail down the stream to the land of the southern Savannas,
While they mingled their songs with their oaths at the treacherous Tam-soa-ka,
And passed in intervals sailing the wigwams of strange tribes of red men.

Two hundred cold winters or more have been chased away by swift summers,
Since Du Luth left his own sunny shore, the unknown new world to explore,
And in the midst of a forest of pine, saw the smoke from the wigwams up curling
Like the fumes from a chemical shop, or places where charcoal they're making.
Ah! little thought he then so far north that the Caucasian would here build cities.
If he had, then the richest of all would Du Luth have been or his descendants,
Who bore the proud name of explorer:—Du Luth, the undaunted, gay living Frenchman.
But he dreamed not of the future great polyglot, mixed colored nation,
A refuge from monarchical storms, and for men from the factories of Europe,—
The great American Eagle now stretching its wings over East and the West,
With its tail flapping, ready to alight on some isles of the sea,
And embracing the red, white and black who are true to the red, white and blue.
Ah, Du Luth, if you then had thought how valuable your section would grow,
When peopled with white and with black, and not left entire to the red,

It is lunch time, from the path in the sky the sun looks down on Good Lager,
And in the valleys the swift hunters are eating the bison,
The aged Rum-gin-whisky bends as he walks with Wine-no-no.
And the days of the once favored Chief are drawing to a close with the fever,
And the days of the step mother, too, are not as strong as they were,
And Wine-no-no, she sits with them nights in their once famous teepee,
And listens to the voices of both, urging the suit of the Morman, Tam-soa-ka.
"In our old age forsaken, and lone must we die in the teepee of hunger,
When you, if you married Tam-soa-ka could make us all very rich,—
For gladly again to our teepee, will come the rich gifts of the bridal,
For thine old father's sake, to the son of old I-was-cute speak the promise.
A glib tongued young fellow is he, fleet footed and quick as the deer,
He'll succeed to the bank of his father, whose income is thousands a year,
Wine-no-no, you act like a fool, while other girls set their trap for Tam-soa-ka."

"High daddy," she said, and her voice was soft with filial devotion,
"Would the heart of the daddy be glad at the death of Wine-no-no, his daughter?
The roue Tam-soa-ka, I hate. Must my heart in his teepee be buried?
For I love the good Frenchman, and await his return to the land of Dakota.
Wine-no-no's love follows his heart, as it beats in the East,
And she hears in her slumber at night, the voice of the white chief calling.
My father, I abide in my seat, the return of the French to Good Lager,
Till the Boon Moon spare me from Tam-soa-ka, when Du Luth comes to Wine-no-no."
"Wine-no-no, my daughter," he said, "no longer thy papa beholds thee,
But he feels the long strands of thy hair, and the days of thy youth he remembers,
And of the lovers and warriors bold who oft sued for the hand of Wine-no-no,
Many of them now dwell in their own teepees, with a squaw and half dozen papooses.
Now in my old age Wine-no-no weds not and the cry of the papoose is not heard
In my teepee,—and thy blind father aged and sick, and his money all gone,
And sad is the fate of his old age, that could be improved if she weds with Tam-soa-ka.
"The white chief will never return" angrily muttered the step mother,
The camp fire of the French will never be lighted near the town of Good Lager,
In the land of the braves whom his Wa-kin-yan's slaughtered—
For the hands of the white man is red with the blood of noble Dakotas."
Then hotly replied Wine-no-no, "the Tam-soa-ka himself is the coward,
And the kind hearted Frenchmen have died in the forest, through treachery Ugh!
The traitor! Wine-no-no told him beware of the scoundrelly Tam-soa-ka,
And gladly would she have heard of the death of the Dakota buck,
At the hands of the white chief, as he fired his trusty Wa-kin-you,"
Alas! Rum-gin-whisky grieves that Wine-no-no loves the foes of her kindred,
And mourns he long, Rum-gin,—*Yun He! He! Micunske! Micunske!

The ice king came again from the North, from his land of permanent winter,
And the polar bears waltz with the seals, and the gray coyote is fast asleep,
And the earth seems as if turned into stone, while the north winds moan,
And the Magi men of the tribe, dance to appease the great white Apron,
The hard moon was past, and the moon when the coons find their
Tails growing colder and colder, as they run for the camp fire that smolders.
Looks down on the shebang of Rum-gin-whisky and To-te-ta-pin whose cupboard is bare,
And Famine comes in at the door, and Wine-no-no sits mute on the floor,
When in at the door with deer and rich gifts, came the lusty Tam-soa-ka,
And he said. "see what I bring, for I love the old Chief and his daughter."
Take the gifts from the noble Tam-soa-ka, and embrace him to thy heart,
For thy father, the noble young brave who loves my dark eyed, pretty Wine-no-no.
Wine-no-no is foolish; she is free, why not take the brave for thy husband?"
Wine-no-no stood still, her choice lay between death and Tam-soa-ka.
She will die. she will fly, her spirit shall be true to the Frenchman.
Darting like a deer from the teepee, swift over prairie and thicket she ran,

*Yun He! He! Micunskee, Micunskee! Alas, My daughter, my daughter.

Called oft by the swift footed Tam-soa-ka, as he after the surprise quickly followed,
And they ran miles and miles from the site of Good Lager,
O'er snow covered prairies, and forests, two days they kept running,
Till the hills by the lake came in view, then up the hill side she flew,
Pursued by the gaining Tam-soa-ka, till the top of the highest hill she reached
And jumped over the cliff into the lake, and thus ended the life of Wine-no-no'

The long winter waned, on the wings of the morning came the ducks and geese,
On the oak sat the blue jay, and the red headed wood pecker began work on a tree.
In the meadows were seen the violet and daisy, and the robin jumped about as though crazy,
And the bobolink piped his best tune at the place where ended the days of Wine-no-no,
And the pansies peep out last, and the corn springs up like a shaft.
Yet no news of the white chief, Du Luth, reaches the eager Dakotas,
Till one day the bobolink was mending its nest, and the lark sitting by.
And the Indian maidens were swimming far out from the shore,
They heard the swift measured stroke that tells of the man-of-war;
'Twas the bark of Du Luth on his way to the fair of Thau-ma-tur-gus.
Where he expected to have met his Indian love, Wine-no-no,
They told him how sad was the fate of the red rose of the prairie,
Then he pulled down his vest in which he was handsomely dressed,—
Sighed, and left, and by Dakotas was never again seen in the West.
Such is the legend handed down, till to-day by the Scribes.
Concerning Du Luth and the love of Wine-no-no, the belle of the tribe of Dakotas.

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